

DOCTOR WORKS TO SAVE SOCIETY WOMAN, VICTIM OF LOCKJAW

Has Used 27,000 Units of Antitoxin on Mrs. Radcliffe Roberts, Hurt While Riding.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 25.—Twenty-seven thousand units of antitoxin already have been used to save the life of Mrs. H. Radcliffe Roberts, a society woman, who developed lockjaw from a slight abrasion under her knee, sustained while horseback riding three weeks ago.

Mrs. Roberts is fighting her life at her home, Green Bank Farm, Villanova. Dr. Thomas Franklin Branson of Rosemont, the attending physician, to-day said Mrs. Roberts' condition is good and that her chances for recovery are "guardedly favorable."

Mrs. Roberts, since her debutante days, has been known as an expert horsewoman and lover of outdoor sports. The abrasion on her knee was noticed after she returned from a ride three weeks ago. But nothing was thought of it, as such wounds are not uncommon among persons riding horses.

The wound healed and was forgotten. Last Monday Mrs. Roberts complained of a slight pain in her side and Dr. Branson was called. He prescribed and the pain disappeared. On Wednesday the sharp pain reappeared, this time in the back. The physician was called again.

That night at 11 o'clock the first lockjaw symptoms appeared, when Mrs. Roberts had a slight spasm. She spent a bad night and at noon the next day, last Thursday, Dr. Branson recognized the deadly lockjaw at once. Within three hours the first injection of the antitoxin was given.

This injection, containing 9,000 units of the system, was given intramuscularly and the day 5,000 units more were given in subcutaneous injections of 3,000 at a time. Daily injections of 9,000 units were continued until yesterday, when only 1,500 were given.

It is a peculiar case in that Mrs. Roberts does not have the rigid jaws which give the disease its name. The muscles of her neck and spine are rigid, but the facial muscles do not seem to be affected.

SPITES HIS NEIGHBORS WITH A NINE-FOOT SIGN

Brooklyn Man Says They Tried to Boycott His Hairdressing Business in Residential Block.

Because they attempted to boycott his hairdressing business, Prof. Francois Marcel has erected a sign 9 feet high in front of his home in the residential block on Lefferts place, between St. James place and Grand avenue, Brooklyn.

"Some time ago I put a small sign on my house to attract hairdressing customers," Prof. Marcel said to-day. "The neighbors protested, but I refused to take it down. I enjoy an excellent trade for a few months and then the business gradually began to fall off. I was at a loss for an explanation until a customer told me my neighbors were trying to boycott me. This angered me and I resolved to put up the big sign."

YOUNG WOMAN LOSES SENSES ON "L" TRAIN

A well-dressed young woman who later said she was Mrs. Yetta Sanderson of No. 40 Prospect Street, Yonkers, was taken unconscious from a Third Avenue "L" train at Fifty-ninth Street at 4 o'clock this morning to Flower Hospital. She was suffering from auto intoxication and heart failure, but was revived after arriving at the hospital.

Just before she collapsed she was talking with Mrs. Peter Herubbi of No. 228 East Sixty-sixth Street, and did not appear to be ill. Mr. Herubbi said he and his wife had met the young woman before, but did not know her name. She was on the train at Fourteenth Street, they said, and did not show any sign of illness until she suddenly collapsed.

Here's the Kind of Woman Who Marched to Win Votes; She Is Not a Freak and Neither Is the Male Suffragist



Saturday's Outpour Kills Old Idea of the "Woman's Rights" Female.

What sort of woman wants to vote? That is the question which was answered thousands of times over for him who was, literally, the man in the street while Saturday's mammoth Suffrage parade passed up Fifth Avenue. The answer is, simply, "EVERY sort of woman."

Many persons know, of course, that the old-time "woman's rights" woman, celebrated in caricature and vintage jests, has disappeared as effectively as the armored knights of the Middle Ages. She was, according to tradition, a thin, vinegary female of uncertain age, who wore spectacles, short hair, bloomers and an expression of cold savagery. She probably was not married; if some luckless mate so far mistook her obvious destiny he washed the dishes and rocked the baby's cradle ever after. It is pretty generally admitted that type is not the modern Suffragist.

The feeling yet exists, however, among those not directly in touch with Suffrage circles that there must be something a little queer about women who want to vote. They are judged to be unhappy marrieds, or hysterical, or uncomfortably clever. And just as the Prince of Darkness, with all his diabolical, is unable to hide his cloven foot, so the Suffragist is supposed to betray herself by some freakishly unattractive feature of her dress or of her appearance. Conscious of her own normality, she scoffs at this preoccupation and with difficulty can be persuaded that it is still held. But it is.

Yet surely those other thousands who watched the parading thousands should be disabused of it. "Queer" and "freakish" are two objectives which could not possibly be applied to the vote.

WANT TO SEE A SUFFRAGETTE? HERE'S HER PICTURE.

So various were they that it was almost impossible to isolate a "typical" Suffragist. If she existed, however, her description reads somewhat like this: A woman between twenty and forty, rather over middle height and well formed, with erect carriage, dark hair and a face showing more than the mean of intelligence. She wears a well-cut but not unduly expensive tailored suit, of white, black or dark blue. The skirt is short and trimly hung, the coat semi-fitting, with a fur collar and cuffs. The hat wears with this costume a small and smart, without elaborate trimming. The Suffragist wears white gloves and is extremely particular about

her foot-gear. She cares little for two-colored shoes, and is as likely to appear in pumps as in high buttoned boots, but she allows no run-down heels or stubbed toes. She looks neither self-conscious, nor nor silly. She is not a radiant beauty, but neither is she noticeably unattractive. She does not wear expensive and conspicuous clothes, but well-groomed, she assuredly is. The "typical" Suffragist is simply the "typical" American woman.

A corps of professional census takers and of adding machines would have been needed to tabulate mathematically the exact proportion of brunettes over blondes, of buttoned boots over white pumps, of spectacles over eyeglasses in that marching host of women, many of whom had not reached Forty-second Street when the Avenue lights were turned on. But to the eye of the careful observer it did not seem that the most minute difference between that group of women and any other assembly of them—matinee audience, for example, or women herded together from all the floors and aisles of a department store on a busy day. The only real distinction was that the faces of the Suffragists did show a mental alertness which might not characterize so universally a large group of the beggars or shoppers. Not that a Suffragist is necessarily an intellectual giant, but she's had to do at least a little thinking to break away from the female stand-patters.

There were a few exceedingly smart white suits in the parade; one beauty of chiffon velvet trimmed with beaver. The costume prescribed by the leaders consisted of a white suit and a round white felt hat. Not more than 5 per cent. of the parade appeared in this attire—for reasons. In the place Saturday was altogether too chilly for white linen suits or white summer dresses. A few martyrs donned them, but the majority positively refused. In the second place, a white broadcloth or woolen suit is a practical investment only for the woman who can afford several others. Soils too easily, and if it is a practical investment for the cleaner it soon doubles its original cost. As for the white hat, it was of stiff felt which admits few modifications, and it had been made to the superior standard. Therefore, many women calmly refused to wear it.

Surely the avoidance of a prescribed form of headgear simply because it was becoming should convince the most pessimistic anti that the woman who wants a vote is a woman still. Put away your foolish fears of solid women's party and a sex war. Wise politicians know that the woman voter will make the original Mugwump look like a model of conservatism—and that's why they're afraid to give her a chance.

A sprinkling of the parade comprised between comfort and what they conceived to be their duty by appearing in white skirts and heavy sweaters or sport coats. But most of them sensibly wore their winter street suits of black or dark blue or, occasionally, brown. They wore the sort of outfit usually selected by the American woman with conservative tastes, a desire to be in style and a pocket-book not too well filled. The coats were long and full skirted, according to prevailing fashion, with high collars and cuffs trimmed with fur. The skirts were five or six inches from the ground.

The only adjective which in general qualified the hats is "small." They were of every shape and shade, but they came down over the head so well that it was difficult to see how the hair was done. They were quietly good, those hats; neither dowdy nor rakish.

The women carried no handbags. Scarcely one of them wore a veil, and little jewelry was in evidence. If they owned spectacles these, in most instances, appeared to be left at home. Spats appeared sporadically; there was one very smart cream-colored pair worn over black patent leathers. Perhaps sixty-five per cent. of the marchers wore high boots, but white pumps were popular. Most feet wore one of the fairly variety, but neither were they Chicagoan.

There were few superlatively beautiful women in the parade. There are few superlatively beautiful women anywhere. Beauty, like rain, goes to the just and the unjust, the Suffragist and the anti-Suffragist. The beauty average among the women who want to vote is quite as high as among those who do not. It is that way—when you will find it in the next church or the next ball-room you chance to visit.

Just a word about the sort of man who is willing to march in a Suffrage parade to show that he believes women should vote—although he really deserves more than a word. He is a clean-shaven young man, seventy-five times out of a hundred; often a college man. He wears a felt hat, a big overcoat and a cheerful grin. He sings college songs and gives college yells for Suffrage. That is the

commonest type. But there were clean-cut, keen-eyed, snow-haired jurists in Saturday's parade, and bankers and middle-aged business men, a few pounds too heavy, but resolved not to admit it; even conservative-looking clergymen. The only taboo seemed to be on beards and derbies.

MRS. REVELL LOSES SUIT.
Aged Nurse Wins Verdict of \$750 in \$5,000 Action for Assault.

Della Cronin, the aged nurse who brought suit for \$5,000 damages against Mrs. Marion Revell, daughter-in-law of a well known Fifth Avenue publisher, was to-day awarded \$750 by a jury before Supreme Court Justice Devendorf. Mrs. Revell's attorneys gave notice that they would seek an appeal.

The nurse testified last Friday of a beating administered to her by Mrs. Revell in the latter's apartment in West One Hundred and Fourth Street. Two colored employees of the apartment house corroborated her story.

Mrs. Revell declared the suit had been instigated by Mrs. Catherine M. Brice, daughter-in-law of the late United States Senator Calvin Brice, because Mrs. Brice objected to the constant crying of the Revell's seventeen-month-old baby.

A letter, unsigned, was introduced to show that objection to the strong-lunged outbursts of the Revell youngster had been made to the superintendent of the building. Mrs. Brice denied she was the author of the note.

Wife and Sons Find Suicide.
Cornelius O'Neil, fifty-three years old, a laborer, was found dead with a gas tube in his mouth in the kitchen of his home, No. 113 North Ninth Street, Williamsburg, when his wife and two sons came in from a visit to Manhattan early to-day. They could give no reason for his suicide.

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GEN. SCHUYLER'S WIDOW IS DEAD AT TARRYTOWN

Never Recovered From Shock of Husband's Death in Southern Wreck.

TARRYTOWN, Oct. 25.—Mrs. Harriet Landron Schuyler, widow of Gen. Philip Schuyler, died suddenly at 6:30 o'clock this morning in her home at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. Mrs. Schuyler's husband, with Samuel Spencer, President of the Southern Railway and five others, was killed in a wreck on the Southern Railway on Thanksgiving Day, 1908.

The death of Gen. Schuyler proved a shock to the widow, from which she never recovered. She lived in seclusion at her home, which was the old Alexander Hamilton homestead. Mrs. Schuyler was one of the famous Lowndes sisters of Maryland. She was married thirty-nine years ago. At that time she was Mrs. Langdon, a widow with two daughters, who are now Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll of Maryland and Mrs. Townsend of New York. Gen. Schuyler, a grandson of Gen. Philip Schuyler, lieutenant under George Washington, and a grand-nephew of Alexander Hamilton.

Old Couple Overcome by Gas.
George Rogers and his wife, Anne, both seventy years old, of Hudson Falls, N. Y., were accidentally overcome by gas at the home of their son, Fred B. Rogers, at No. 351 East Twenty-second Street, Brooklyn, to-day. They are in the Kings County Hospital in a critical condition. A little family party had been given the old folks last night. The old couple were tired when they went to their room and apparently turned the gas off and then accidentally lay on again.

Wilson to Speak in Ohio.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 25.—President Wilson has accepted an invitation to go to Columbus, O., Dec. 10 to deliver an address before the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The details of the trip will be arranged later.

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OHIO CHICKEN FEUD BLAMED FOR STABBING ON THE STREET HERE

Kerbacher, Found Dying, Tells of Chance Meeting With Three Foes From West.

A suspicion that Joseph Kerbacher, a driver of No. 697 Tenth Avenue, stole a fancy chicken in Mansfield, Ohio, a year ago caused a feud which Kerbacher blames for the probably fatal attack on him early to-day in front of No. 416 West Fortieth Street.

Under arrest are Adolph Gindovitz of No. 310 West Thirty-sixth Street and his younger brothers, Joseph and John, all of whom used to live in Mansfield. Adolph raised fancy chickens and Kerbacher was his neighbor. A chicken was missed and Kerbacher was accused of taking it. A quarrel ensued. Kerbacher moved to New York and later the Gindovitzs also came here, not knowing of Kerbacher's presence in the city.

They met unexpectedly at a party last night and a little later Kerbacher was found on the sidewalk, dying from a score of knife wounds. He was taken to Bellevue and told in a statement to the Coroner named Adolph Gindovitz. The detectives who arrested the three accused brothers also arrested Rudolph Liederer of No. 526 West Twenty-sixth Street.

The prisoners, held at the West Thirty-seventh Street Station, deny the charge. They were taken to Bellevue, but Kerbacher was too near unconsciousness to speak or realize what was going on around him.

PIGEONS LED HIM TO DEATH.

Boy Falls From Roof While Running After Strange Birds.

Before starting for school this morning John Reddy, nine years old, of No. 249 East thirty-first Street, went to the roof of the house to watch some pet pigeons. Some strange birds were circling about the coop, and little John ran after them. With his head in the air the boy rushed after the pigeons and when he came to the edge of the roof could not stop himself. He plunged into the yard six stories below. He was instantly killed.



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Situated between Waldorf and McAlpin.
Take Elevator

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Now Draws
MUTT AND JEFF
Exclusively for the
NEW YORK WORLD

7 Cakes Butler's Borax Soap, 25¢
10 2x Stamps With This Soap Purchase

At All 133 James Butler Inc. Licensed Stores
Four Highly Favored Whiskies—All Underpriced
Old Crow Rye, H. P. Kirk & Co.'s Famous Kentucky Whiskey; bottle... 95¢
Kingussie Scotch, Special importation; a big favorite; bottle... 85¢
Wilson Whiskey, Two of the most popular in America; J. B. bottle... 79¢
Hunter Rye

Guinness's Stout, dozen bottles, \$1.30; dozen splits, 90¢
Bass Pale Ale, doz. bot., \$1.45; doz. splits, \$1
Allowance of 10¢ per dozen bottles and 10¢ per dozen splits for empties.
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JAMES BUTLER INC.
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Very Best Creamery Butter, 29¢
The family demand for our butter is enormous, and we give the utmost satisfaction to a quarter of a million people or more. We still sell at, a lb. 4 to 6 cents a pound below all other retailers

10 Eggs, 25¢

Flour, Pride of St. Louis
All round Family Flour, Best for Bread, Biscuit, Cake or Pastry
24 1/2-lb. Bag 75¢ | Half Bag 40¢
1/2 Barrel (12 lbs.) 40¢

Baking Powder, Blue Ribbon, can, 35¢ 18¢ 10¢
Baking Powder, Triumph, can, 20¢ 10¢ 5¢

Potatoes, Selected from best Maine and Pennsylvania shipments... lb. 2¢
Sweet Potatoes, Virginia's best... 5 lbs. 15¢
Greening Apples, Best for cooking... 25¢
Eating Apples, Extra fancy Jonathan, the first of the new Porto Rico crop; large and juicy; dozen... 22¢

Housekeeper's Canned Vegetable Special
Tomatoes, in large No. 3 cans... 3 cans, 25¢
Early June Peas, new pack... 3 one of each

Lakeview Milk, Evaporated; has ALL the cream; tall tin cans... 6¢
Belle Brook Milk, Rich Evaporated; with ALL the cream; tall tin sanitary cans... 7¢
Condensed Milk, sanitary cans each... 8¢

Noodles, Golden Egg Brand; package... 5¢
Aunt Nanna's Pancake Flour, pkg. 10¢
Buckwheat, Blue Ribbon Brand; makes delicious cakes; large package... 10¢
Blue Ribbon Syrup, in large cans, each... 10¢
Triumph Oats, Highest quality white rolled flakes; fresh-milled; large 10c package... 7¢
Rolls Oats, In Bulk; fresh from the mill 3 lbs. 12¢

Coffee, Our Famous Blend of South American Coffee, fresh roasted in the bean or ground... lb. 19¢
New Teas, Extra Choice Formosa-Oolong; India Ceylon, English Breakfast and Mixed; of rare flavor... lb. 50¢
10 2x Stamps with each pound of the New Teas.

5c Offers For Nearly Half Price

Sardines, American, in oil; can... Each—
Borax, Pkg. 20-Mule Team... 3¢
3 lbs. Sal. Soda... 3¢
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Sugar Cured Hams, Great Value, lb. 18¢
Boneless Pot Roast, All Solid Meat, lb. 16¢
Steak, Fancy Chuck—juicy and tender... lb. 14¢
Corned Spare Ribs, Very appetizing, lb. 9¢

At All 133 James Butler Inc. Licensed Stores
Four Highly Favored Whiskies—All Underpriced
Old Crow Rye, H. P. Kirk & Co.'s Famous Kentucky Whiskey; bottle... 95¢
Kingussie Scotch, Special importation; a big favorite; bottle... 85¢
Wilson Whiskey, Two of the most popular in America; J. B. bottle... 79¢
Hunter Rye

Guinness's Stout, dozen bottles, \$1.30; dozen splits, 90¢
Bass Pale Ale, doz. bot., \$1.45; doz. splits, \$1
Allowance of 10¢ per dozen bottles and 10¢ per dozen splits for empties.
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